

THE  
METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Protectorate; or, Oliver Cromwell and the State of Europe during the early part of the Reign of Louis XIV., illustrated in a Series of Letters. Now first published from the Originals.* Edited by ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in University College, London. *With an Introduction on the Character of Cromwell and his Times.* Two vols.

There are no such materials for history as cotemporary letters written on the spur of the moment. When of a private nature, and addressed confidentially from one friend to another, like the Paston Letters, they are doubly valuable; for we must not always admit as indisputable truths the things which ministers, ambassadors, and other placemen, impart to one another as such. If we could only disinter some few score of family correspondence like the Paston, and some of the letters recently published by Sir Charles Bunbury, we should no doubt read many parts of our annals with a surer light. The mass of the letters now published by Professor Vaughan are not precisely of the private confidential kind, they being written for the most part by Dr. John Pell, resident ambassador with the Swiss Cantons, by Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary, who, in diplomacy, only saw with the eyes of his great master, and by two other diplomatists, Sir Sir Samuel Morland and Sir William Lockhart. Still, however, in many parts, this correspondence is exceedingly valuable, and no person seriously devoted to the study of history ought to let it pass without an attentive perusal. In relating what passes abroad, particularly in Switzerland and the Vaudois country, Pell had no inducement to misrepresent facts, and his letters, insomuch, may be taken as satisfactory evidence as to the real state of things. It is true, that his accounts of his disputations with burgomasters, his details about diets, synods, heresies, and religious controversies, are somewhat tedious; but they are in keeping with the spirit of those times, and one must wade through them and similar documents to have a correct notion of the social state of Switzerland and other parts of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century. And then they have that high interest of laying open Cromwell's negotiations in favour of the oppressed Vaudois Protestants, a subject graven deep in the hearts of Englishmen by the immortal sonnet of Milton.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

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In different letters we have also some curious glimpses of what is going on among the persecuted Protestants of Bohemia and Poland. Count Krasinski, whose historical sketch of the Reformation in Poland we noticed last month, will do well to look into Professor Vaughan's book, when he reaches the seventeenth century.

There is one reflection, which applies equally to all the diplomatic correspondence and state papers of the time of the Commonwealth that we have seen,—there is an infinitely higher moral tone, an incomparably greater honesty of purpose, a more manly straightforwardness in these letters than in any documents of the same kind that preceded them or (*for a very long time*) followed them. The letters of placemen and public characters, from the time of Henry VIII. to the downfall of Charles I., are, with very few exceptions, base in the extreme. We can hardly conceive how native Englishmen could ever have descended to such depths of degradation!

Professor Vaughan introduces the letters by a clever essay on the character of Cromwell and of his times ; if not wholly impartial, it cannot be accused of a bent unfavourable to the Protector, which is the defect of most of our histories and of our other popular works which treat of that wonderful man. We might here notice, as an omission, that the professor has not attempted to clear up the facts of the early life of Cromwell, for which rather abundant materials may be found. Perhaps, however, these researches would have been incompatible with the limits of a work like the present ; but we must mention, as an unfairness which we see nothing to excuse, that the professor has not done justice to the industry, research, and spirit of several modern writers, both English and foreign, who have done so much for the biography of Oliver Cromwell, and a proper understanding of his character and the characters of the men among whom he lived, and with whom he acted. Guizot, indeed, is mentioned once or twice, but we do not even see an allusion to Villemain, or to the honoured and honourable inheritor of the name of Cromwell, whose work on the Protector was published some twenty years ago.

At the end of the work there is an appendix containing some interesting illustrations of the state of philosophy and learning in the time of the Protectorate, and some agreeable notices concerning the domestic and literary character of Dr. Pell. As this portion of the work more readily admits of isolated extracts, we will cull from it a few paragraphs.

The following are from a letter of Mr. Hartlib, the friend of Milton. The age was turning strongly to mechanical inventions.

" Sir Robert Honywood, lately come from the Hague, tells of a very singular invention of a clock without a balance, that goes most exactly true, and needs only to be wound up once in eight days. It is sold there for seven pounds sterling. Fromantil hath undertaken to make the like, if not to exceed it. The travelling chariots begin more and more to be in use amongst us : they were first invented by Colonel Blunt, in Kent ; they go with one or two horses, and are so light that, if the horses be good, they may go easily with two or more persons fifty or sixty miles a day. The Earl of Thanet uses another kind of new-invented carriages, carrying in them five hundred weight of all manner of commodities, the carriage being closely covered to shelter it from rain, and going fifty miles a day with one horse, which is changed for another at twenty-five miles ; but the carriers are so stupid that, as yet, they have not followed his example."

" Of this Norden of Bristol I have no other insight as yet, but that he hath invented a peculiar kind of clepsydras, which are very much commended ; but I am promised another invention of clepsydras, which one Dr. Lake, a civilian, by many serious observations for many years together, hath at last brought to such a perfection as that, in the judgment of Mr. Smethwick, it is said to excel all that ever hath been known in this kind. Himself hath tried it already for fourteen days, and finds it to be so accurate a diminution of time that he far prefers it before any other clocks or watches. My Lord Protector hath bought a clock for three hundred pounds, invented by Fromantil, which needs not to be wound up within a month. I hope I shall get one of Dr. Lake's water clepsydras."

Cromwell's huge *watch*, in the British Museum, looks as if it must have required a

"Captain, or colonel, or knight at arms,"

to carry it for him.

The next extract is from the pen of Mr. Beale, the friend of Hartlib.

"I am very much delighted in the German Augustus Haubtman's philosophy; he searcheth the foundations and depths of nature; he spurs on our desires for more of his writings. I wish we could know what he hath found in his further experiments concerning wines; and, in that point, I would rather hear of their *experience* than of their reasonings. Surely you did not mistake my words concerning wines; for I said I would not discourage others, but I undertake to raise richer wines from the wildest English fruit which will bear abundantly in hilly and waste grounds, than can be raised from any English grape which hath been ripened by the multiplied rays of reflexing walls, and our wild fruit carries the general applause."

This Beale, though a devout man and "a real philosopher," (at least so Hartlib calls him,) appears to have been fond of the creature comforts. On another occasion he thus writes to his friend.

"I crave leave to trouble your dear daughter with one inquiry upon a point of good housewifery. Bread and drink are the two chief pillars and fundamental necessities of a good housekeeper. Now here, in this country, where none but the best gentry and some foremost houses do brew beer or ale, being generally accustomed to cider, we are often distressed for want of barm to bake our bread. Leaven is not in use among us, as too harsh and sour. Hence I inquire how we shall bake our finest bread without barm, as they do in France and Italy, and all over the southern world, where there is an excellent variety of bread, and no barm at all."

By the way, this "excellent variety" might still advantageously occupy the attention of our philosophers and chemists. Than the general run of our common bakers' bread there is scarcely anything more tasteless and insipid.

Beale, and Hartlib, and Pell, like most of their contemporaries of any science or literature, dabbled a little in medicine. Hartlib fancied that he and his son-in-law had discovered a sure remedy for the stone and gravel. This was nothing but goat's blood: the true preparation of this only sovereign cure was, of course, a secret, to be communicated only *sub sigillo*.

"As the Helvetian (Swiss) goats," writes Hartlib to Pell, "are judged the best for this medicine, we shall entreat that when you cause it to be prepared, that you will please to bestow a good quantity hither upon us."

Some of the scientific and literary letters of Sir Charles Cavendish, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, are very interesting. By one of them, written from Paris, we learn that old Hobbes had such an aversion to Descartes, that he would not see him when he was at Paris. In the same letter (it is dated May 1645) Cavendish says—

"I doubt it will be long ere Mr. Hobbes publish anything: so far as I have read, I like very well; he proceeds every day somewhat, but he hath a great deal to do. \* \* \* \* Mr. Hobbes' journey to Montauban is stayed, being implored to read mathematics to our prince," (i. e. Charles II.)

All Cavendish's letters are full of scientific news, and talk about new editions of learned works.

Pell seems to have had a curious knack of scolding his wife. On one occasion he writes—

"Yours of March 16th came to my hands whilst I was telling M. D. that it was just a year since we had seen our wives. As soon as I opened it, you fell finding fault with the superscription of my last letter, which labour you might have spared,

for I shall not learn of you how to direct my letters. A superscription is large enough if it be sufficient to make it find the way to the hands for which the letter was written ; whatsoever is more than so, oftentimes causeth letters to be broken up and miscarried, because it discovers from whence and to whom ; for which cause I strive to write in such a manner, that if a stranger break up my letters, he shall not understand much of the contents, nor from whom they were written. I shall not easily be brought to leave that way of writing, though you dislike it."

In another letter Pell is very particular about his son John's handwriting. He says to his wife—

" Take heed that John lose not his Roman with learning Secretary, or else get a rambling hand, writing neither of them well."

It should appear that his daughter Mary was left-handed, for in the same letter he says to his wife, " Let Mary learn to cut and carve with her right hand."

Before Pell was made an ambassador by Cromwell, he was professor of mathematics in the University of Breda. That he had a certain dry humour at the time is proved by the following extract from a letter, written to Sir Charles Cavendish, concerning certain lost treatises on the mathematics.

" Come we therefore to England. And first for Mr. Warner's *Analogies*, of which you desire to know whether they be printed. You remember that his papers were given to his kinsman, a merchant in London, who sent his partner to bury the old man, himself being hindered by apoplectic gout, which made him keep out of their sight that urged him to contribute to the parliament's assistance, from which he was exceedingly averse : so he was looked upon as one that absented himself out of malignancy, as his partner managed the whole trade. Since my coming over, the English merchants here tell me that both he and his partner are broken, and now they both keep out of sight, not as malignants, but as bankrupts. But this you may better inquire amongst our Hamburg merchants. In the meantime, I am not a little afraid that all Mr. Warner's papers, and no small share of my labours therein, are seized upon and most unmathematically divided between the sequestrators and creditors, (who being not able to balance the account where there appear so many numbers, and much troubled at the sight of so many crosses and circles in the superstitious algebra and that black art of geometry,) will, no doubt, determine once in their lives to become figure-casters, and so vote them all to be thrown into the fire, if some good body do not reprieve them for pie bottoms, &c., for which purposes you know analogical numbers are incomparably apt, if they be accurately calculated."

In another of Pell's letters we find these amusing particulars about royal christian names.

" The prince of Spain is christened. His elder brother had but six names :—Balthasar Carolus Dominicus Philippus Victor Lucas. The late emperor's son, who now seeks to be emperor, hath also but six names :—Leopoldus Ignatius Franciscus Balthasar Josephus Felicianus. But this second son of Spain hath fifteen names. He is called—Philippus Prosper Josephus Franciscus Ignatius Antonius Michael Ludovicus Isidorus Alphonsus Bonaventura Dominicus Raimundus Jacobus Victor."

On the whole, we can hardly hope that the volumes before us will prove so acceptable to the general reader as the collection of letters published in " Queen Elizabeth and her Times," and edited by Mr. Wright —a work which we can recommend to the attention of those who have not yet read its amusing and instructive documents.

*The Elements of Practical Geology as applicable to Mining, Engineering, Architecture, &c.; with Notices of the Mines and Mineral Productions of Great Britain.* By FREDERICK BURR.

This appears to be a simple, clear, and useful manual, well adapted to the class or classes for whom it is especially intended. Our railroad makers have fine opportunities for observation, and we might expect that in the course of their gigantic undertakings and excavations they should add something to the real and unspeculative parts of the science of geology. At all events they have the opportunity, and form another of the great masses by which knowledge is gradually acquired and diffused. The author himself has enjoyed the advantages of extensive observation, and is therefore the better able to direct practical men who do not study geology as an accomplishment, but as a science necessary to their profession—men who in one sense turn stones into bread. The plan of the work is very good. The first part is devoted to those preliminary views of the structure of the globe, a previous acquaintance with which is essential to any sound progress in geological science. In the second part, the elementary facts and principles of geology are explained and illustrated in an easy, intelligible manner. The third part is devoted to descriptive geology, and a comprehensive view of the internal structure of Great Britain, with some references to foreign localities. In the appendix is exhibited a tabular view of the mineral statistics of Great Britain. The volume contains a neat little index map of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with their dependent islands, and several explanatory plates and wood-cuts. The book is got up in a very neat style, and is portable and cheap.

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*India, Great Britain, and Russia.*

The Russo-phobia is a very prevalent disorder—much more prevalent than ever was cholera morbus or influenza in this climate of ours. Our author has caught the infection: and all amateurs who try their hands for the first time at great political questions are apt to be alarmists, and somewhat too declamatory and antithetical. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he is, however, a person of good sense and enlarged views. For ourselves, we believe that before the crisis to which he alludes arrive, the disjointed empire of Russia will fall asunder from its own weight, and from the total want of any cementing or organising principle. We perfectly agree with him that the great loser in case of any sudden change would be India herself.

"A very slight degree of consideration will be sufficient to show that we are fully justified in regarding the retention of British India under the fostering care of its present rulers, as essential to its progressive emancipation from ignorance, and the evils which follow in the train of ignorance. If the British government were expelled, to be replaced by one or many of native origin, what would ensue? By what would the mild and gentle rule of England be succeeded? By such governments as have heretofore prevailed in India—by such as exist now in those parts of India to which the sceptre of England does not extend;—governments undeserving of the name, and known only by the evils of which they are the cause;—governments in which corruption is the ruling principle, spreading and ramifying through every department;—governments in which the prince, if actively disposed, knows no enjoyment but war, and if devoid of a taste for this occupation, is generally sunk in sloth and sensuality, surrendering his subjects to be plundered without restraint by those who abuse the name of their master to their own aggrandisement. Such are native princes now—they will improve as the country improves; but no greater calamity could befall British India at this time, than to be returned to that state of misgovernment under which it formerly groaned, and from which it has been

relieved by so extraordinary a train of events as that which has placed the sovereignty in its present hands.

"There is yet one other possible change which ought not to be excluded from contemplation. British India might pass into the possession, not of natives, but of another European power. No time need be spent in inquiring which of the nations of Europe would have the best chance for the prize, should England lose it. There is but one power, which, according to present appearances, could have the least chance of success. Suppose then that Russia, in extending her boundaries further and further towards the East, should dispossess Britain of the whole or the larger part of her Indian possessions,—would the change be for the better, as far as India is concerned? Russia is by no means sparing in professions of liberality and the love of knowledge; and in some respects her actions have not discredited her professions. Scientific talents and attainments have been very warmly patronised at St. Petersburg—they have been assiduously wooed from distant parts of Europe, and in many instances liberally rewarded. But the object has been to make them the instruments of advancing the power of the government over the people—not to improve the condition of the latter, or to raise them in the social scale. While the government of Russia has been assiduous in drawing to its capital men of science and liberal acquirements, has it ever manifested the least desire to extend to the vast population which it rules the advantages of knowledge and literature? *Savans* have been congregated at St. Petersburg either for the assistance which they could lend to the aggressive spirit of the government, or for the character which was to be gained by an ostentatious patronage of science. Russia has never yet made an effort to raise the character of her subjects. Where anything has been done, the labour has been directed the other way. Let Poland answer for this. In the true spirit of despotism, Russia hates enlightenment, because she fears it. Would she promote in the East that which she persecutes in the West? Would she afford the means of diffusing in India that knowledge and those principles which, if possible, she would extinguish and destroy in Europe? They must be endued with more than even Oriental credulity who can believe this.

"To the friends of India, then, it must appear most desirable that English supremacy should long be maintained in that country. The British government may have committed errors, but it has never been unwilling to perceive, nor slow to correct them."

It has never been the intention of the British rulers of India that the people of that country should be kept in an eternal state of pupilage. The object in view has been to prepare them for the enjoyment of political and civil rights, and to bestow them by degrees, as the people became qualified to exercise them with advantage to themselves and the community. In conformity with these views, natives have been admitted to judicial offices, to an extent which the late Mr. Mill declared he should have feared to recommend. Where the forms of English law prevail, natives now sit as jurors, and exercise the office of justice of the peace. To prepare them for the proper discharge of these, and even higher duties, schools have been established, and education, upon the enlarged principles by which it is governed in Europe, is extending itself from the Presidencies into the country. The anxiety of the rulers on this subject is happily now beginning to be met by a corresponding anxiety on the part of the people. The latter are becoming as eager to receive, as the former to bestow. The want being felt, the means of supply will not be tendered in vain. It must be gratifying to our countrymen to know, that throughout India, where the desire for education has begun to prevail, it is directed towards an English education. In one sense, this may be said to be the effect of the relative position of England towards a large part of India. It is the effect of her moral power—of the respect which is entertained for the nation which, having won so mighty an empire, has governed it with so much wisdom and liberality. It is not an empty compliment from subjects to their rulers—paid either from fear or from interested hope. It is a sincere and earnest feeling; not confined, be it observed, to the British territories, but extending, in some instances, to countries over which the British government has never exercised any sovereignty, and with which it has scarcely any connexion. From the Punjab, with which till latterly we were hardly acquainted at all, applications have been made for the means of English education, so frequent and so pressing, that the government of India has been almost compelled to attach a schoolmaster to the establishment of their political agent."

*A Letter to the Honourable Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas to the United States.* By WILLIAM E. CHANNING, D.D.

We are glad to see this cheap English, or rather Scottish reprint of an admirable specimen of American eloquence and state reasoning. There are passages in it which make the heart glow even more than anything in Doctor Channing's papers or Milton and Napoleon. The whole is a glorious effort made by a great and generous mind to save his country from moral degradation. In the eyes of Doctor Channing the vexed question of Texas is more than a political question—it associates itself with morals and religion; and in this light it led him to the exposition of great principles and universal truths, which are for all times and all circumstances. We trust that this little book will be read wherever the English language is understood. There is much in it to make an Englishman proud of his native land, and of his government and institutions as improved in recent years.

*The Natural History of the Sperm Whale: to which is added a Sketch of a South Sea Whaling Voyage.* By THOMAS BEALE, Surgeon, Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Eclectic Society of London, and late Surgeon to the "Kent" and "Sarah and Elizabeth" South Seamen.

This is the most complete and best work on the natural and commercial history of the sperm whale in our own or in any other language. Nobody at all acquainted with the richness and variety of the subject will be surprised at its occupying nearly the whole of a good-sized volume. The author, who has studied the giants of the deep in their native element, and seen them under all aspects, conveys his information in a clear and lively manner. Many of the incidents in the South Sea voyage are amusing and exciting, and they are all pleasantly told. We should fancy that this book must become an especial favourite with young readers—at least it is one that we should have delighted in when we were young.

*Crotchets in the Air; or, an (un) Scientific Account of a Balloon Trip, in a Familiar Letter to a Friend.* By JOHN POOLE, Esq.

This is a very clever jeu d'esprit, done in Paul Pry's, alias John Poole's, very best manner. The solemn fooleries of Mr. Monck Mason are well hit, and there are numerous other happy hits beside. The thing will while away a long winter's evening right pleasantly, and afterwards make one think of Paul whenever one sees a pack of Neddies sky-high in a balloon.

*A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactories, and Mines; containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice.* By ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S., M.G.S., &c. &c. &c.

We noticed this useful and important work on the appearance of the first monthly part. We have now Parts II. and III. on our table, which carry us as far as the commencement of the great article "Cotton Manufacture." Seven more monthly parts will complete the work. Dr. Ure's high standing will be taken as guarantee for his scientific accuracy,

and the correctness of his general details. The quantity of matter contained in each part is prodigious, so close and compact is the type employed.

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*The Naturalist, illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, (to be continued monthly;) with beautiful Engravings on India Paper.* Edited by NEVILLE WOOD, Esq., late Joint Editor of "The Analyst," Author of "British Song Birds," &c.

It should seem that this interesting periodical is acquiring new health and strength under the careful management of Mr. Neville Wood. There are some excellent things in the November number now before us. Mr. Wood's own contributions are always valuable. We have been much pleased with a paper by Doctor Edwin Lees, on the banks of the Severn, and the western district of Worcestershire, for the continuation of which we shall look with an eager eye. The sketch of a voyage across the North and Baltic Seas by Mr. Charles Drosier is also an interesting contribution. The number, moreover, contains a full report of the proceedings of the British Association at Newcastle in section D., that is, in Zoology and Botany.

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*Cutch; or Random Sketches, taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India. Interspersed with Legends and Traditions.* By MRS. POSTANS. Illustrated with Engravings from Original Drawings by the Author.

We can safely congratulate Mrs. Postans upon the production of a very lively, entertaining, and instructive little volume. We have scarcely been so much pleased with any work about India since Bishop Heber's delicious narratives. The fair author resided for a considerable time in the remarkable province of Cutch, which, as the reader may recollect, is situated in the most northern part of Western India, being flanked on the west by the river Indus, on the east by the Gulf of Cutch, and the salt desert of the Runn, and having in its rear the Great Desert, and in its front the Arabian Sea. The province is about one hundred and sixty miles in length from east to west; and sixty-five in breadth from north to south; and is distant about five hundred miles from the presidency of Bombay. Hitherto very little has been written on the subject. Indeed we ourselves do not remember to have read anything of the kind deserving of notice, except a memoir descriptive of the physical geography of the Runn of Cutch, and another memoir on the River Indus, both by Captain Sir Alexander Burnes, and published in the supplement to his "Travels into Bokhara."

Mrs. Postans, who enjoyed unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the general and domestic manners of the population in its various castes, who apparently is well acquainted with the language, and who has travelled through all parts of the country, carefully registered her observations in notes, and the result has been the book before us, which is dated from Bhooj camp in Cutch, September 29th, 1837. This little book has an air of wonderful completeness; and we much doubt whether she have omitted a single thing that deserved notice. Her pencil sketches of costume, works of native artists, &c., add considerably to the value of the volume. We must, however, remark, that her drawing gives an unfavourable, and, we believe, an incorrect notion of the make,

shape, and proportions of the people of Cutch. "His Highness the Rao," as she calls the native prince, is drawn like a dwarf, with a monstrous head; and her Arab soldiers, and most of her other figures, have heads considerably too large for their bodies.

The maritime town of Mandavie, the emporium of Cutch, is a more important place—and a much pleasanter—than we had fancied. The town presents an appearance of wealth and bustle, the inhabitants are a busy, cheerful, industrious race, and their peculiarly bright and varied costume gives a greater appearance of gaiety to the place than is usually seen in a second-rate Indian town.

"The population is principally composed of Banyans, Brahmins, and cultivators; many of whom may be seen on the outside of the town, either engaged in their several callings, loitering lazily along, or grouped together in little knots, gossiping with vehement gesticulation, on any trifling subject, of profit or pleasure. Here and there, a retainer of the Rao comes swaggering along, displaying the superior height, aquiline nose, and long moustache of the Raiport tribe: his arms are a sword, shield, and matchlock, and his dress and bearing are marked by an air of mingled haughtiness, foppery, and independence. Then are seen swarthy but fine-limbed children, rolling on the soft sand in childish glee, and shouting with joy, as a horseman passes them, circling and passaying, with consummate skill, his gaily decorated steed. Near these, a water-carrier urges on his bullock, which, laden with the water-bags, slowly saunters forward, whilst his master smokes his hookah, and indulges in a passing chat with the women, who, gracefully bearing their earthen water-vessels on their heads, are returning to the well to which he journeys. Lastly are groups of women, employed in sifting grain from light baskets, in which they display the most graceful attitudes; the passing breeze winnows the corn, as it falls into large heaps, and numerous asses wait leisurely around, to carry it in sacks to the merchants' granaries. . . . . The maritime commerce of Mandavie is important, and boat-building is carried on to a considerable extent. The boats are, it is true, of a very rude and primitive construction; but, from their remarkable strength, prove admirably adapted for the purposes required. . . . . The Cutch mariners, satisfied with their security, are a most fearless and enterprising race, trading, as their forefathers have done for centuries, to all the ports of the Red Sea, and even stretching out to the eastern coasts of Africa, to Ceylon, and the China seas. The exports of Mandavie consist chiefly of cotton cloths; and in return it receives dates, coffee, dried grapes, antimony, senna, and coloured mats from the ports of the Red Sea; and from Zanzibar, on the African coast, elephants' teeth, and rhinoceros horn. The Cutch moallims, or pilots, are singularly intelligent and well informed: they understand the use of the compass, and navigate by charts. [And so indeed did they, and the Arabs of the Red Sea, and the Chinese, long before any modern European nation got among them.] One Verejee, who is notable amongst them, would have made, with equal advantages of education, a second Anson. He shows you his nautical tables; and his log is as carefully kept as an Indiaman's: he can determine his latitude, and, by dead reckoning, his longitude also: and as he unrolls his chart on 'Mercator's Projection,' exultingly points to London, and says, 'If you like, I'll pilot you there.' . . . . The importance of Mandavie being intimately connected with its maritime commerce, much of the bustle and activity of business is to be seen without the walls, although its real wealth and commercial influence exist in the warehouses and granaries of the city, which is surrounded by a strong and well-built wall, having bastions, gates, and wickets. Many of the houses are commodious; some of them built two or three stories high, with terraced roofs and richly carved ornaments; but, in common with those of most native towns, the streets are narrow, dusty, ill ordered, and swarming with Pariah dogs, and fat 'bulls of Basan,' which lazily stroll about the city, feeding out of the merchants' grain baskets whenever hunger prompts them.

"The principal manufacture carried on is the weaving of cotton cloths, of which the makers produce a very tasteful variety: they are woven of various colours, and eminently fanciful designs. . . . . For a cheerful effect of cultivation, the suburbs of Mandavie are indebted to the Lowannahs, or agriculturists, who form a numerous caste, and own most of the surrounding villages. Their lands are enclosed, and well irrigated; and the bright green corn waving in the fields, the labouring kine, and the cheerful voices of the husbandmen, give to the open, flat, and

otherwise uninteresting country, an appearance of rustic civilisation, peculiarly pleasing. . . . . The people of Mandavie are a peculiarly handsome race, and much more indebted to nature on this account than the inhabitants of the interior. I think climate must produce this enviable distinction, the air being agreeably soft and cool; and as a salubrious sea-side residence for invalids, the country is considered superior to any on this side of India. The sands on the shore are firm and equal, extending to a distance of some miles at ebb tide, and affording advantages for a delightful promenade; whilst the soft sand-hillocks nearer the city are overgrown with a hardy species of lilac convolvulus, whose bright leaves serve to conceal the arid soil, and most gratefully refresh the eye. Another material advantage to the convalescent in search of health at Mandavie, is to be found in a change of diet: fish of good quality, amongst which are the much-esteemed pomphlet, oysters, crabs, and prawns, abound in the Gulf of Cutch; but as the prejudice of the Banyans will not allow fishing to be carried on as a trade, the supply is at times very unequal to the general demand."

About two miles from Mandavie are the extensive ruins of the great city of "Raipoor," the coins of which bore the "lively effigies" of a jack-ass. The natives account for this singular impress by a wild legend, full of transformations, and, in parts, not unlike our nursery tale of "Beauty and the Beast." But *certes*, we know of many a dynasty, European as well as Asiatic, for whom the "grandfather of stupidity" (as the Persians call the ass) were a fitting type and emblem.

Mrs. Postans gives the ass legend at length. She has a taste for legends and orientalisms, and does them exceedingly well. There are several in her book, as well as several clever abstracts of Cutch poems. As provincial bards, Cutch possesses its Bhats and Dadies, who rehearse the warlike deeds of their ancestry, attend at marriages and other festivals, improvising epithalamiums, and various odes, for which they receive a slight gratuity.

Here is a curious sketch of a poem of Persian origin.

"THE MARRIAGE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

"Love, who is the offspring of Madness, coming of age, despatches a messenger called Sight of the Eyes, to seek for him a wife. Sight of the Eyes speedily meets Beauty, sporting in the meadows of Fancy, and woos her to become the bride of Love. Beauty, after consulting with her parents, Dignity and Sweetness, and with her lawyer, Discretion, consents, and Joy departs with the news. When the marriage day arrives, Love and Beauty proceed towards the temple of Possession. Beauty is arrayed in the ear-rings of Secrecy, the necklace of Modesty, and the bangles of Agitation. She is attended by her nymphs, Fair-colour, Ruby-lips, and Soft-heart, and followed by the genii of Exaction, Ill-temper, and Conceit, who bear a dower of restlessness and sighs to bestow upon Love, who meets her attended by his followers, Jealousy, Hope, Tenderness, and Desire. Affection, hand in hand with Admiration, departs to seek a moolah; but the moolah declines to unite the pair, on the ground of the union being a worldly one. In this dilemma, Eagerness and Inclination set forth, and return with an old Cazi, called Mutual Agreement, who solemnises the compact, and concludes by declaring that the happy couple shall enjoy eternal youth, that Beauty shall be always attended by Love, and that Love shall never cease to be attracted by the musk-shedding tresses of Beauty."

"His highness the Rao" does not live at Mandavie, but at Bhooj, in the interior. Here is something amusing about him and his court.

"His highness has some knowledge of the English language; and it is the custom of the Europeans stationed in Cutch to make him frequent visits of ceremony. . . . We will now enter the palace, and accompanied by his highness, who feels great delight in displaying its curiosities to the English visitors. . . . . Feeling quite inadequate to the task of presenting the reader with a *catalogue raisonné* of all the unnameable articles of *virtù*, which adorn this charming retreat of luxurious royalty, I must request him to imagine himself introduced, by some wholesale glass-dealer, to his sample-room, where, amongst jelly-glasses and old vases are introduced some half-a-dozen antique musical clocks, all playing at once, and the whole display brilliantly illuminated

by large wax candles at noon-day ! This mental picture may then afford him some idea of the motley and incongruous *mélange* of ornament which contributes to the regal magnificence of this most dazzling of state-apartments. The presence of the clocks, some antique pictures, a celestial and a terrestrial globe, are attributed to the redoubtable Ram Sing, who is said to have brought them with him from Holland. The hall which encloses this singular apartment, is ornamented by a succession of pillars, pier glasses, and pictures, in rich and massive frames. The floor is remarkably unpleasant to walk on, being inlaid with a sort of small Dutch tile. The roof and pillars are decorated with rich gold mouldings, and other ornaments, much too faded to afford material for description ; and the small compartments between them are supplied with fittings of triangularly-shaped looking-glass. The pictures, which nearly cover the walls, are either horrible copies, or the worst possible prints, from the old English and Dutch masters. Amongst them are Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' sundry portraits of Lady Carteret, in stomacher and *toupée*—with here and there a dismal-looking shepherdess, or a snuff-coloured *belle* of the Rao's own family, executed by a Chinese artist. On leaving these apartments, and returning to the hall of audience, 'Will't please you to go see the wrestlers?' is, in other words, the Rao's general invitation to his guests ; and he at once leads them to a carpeted and draped balcony, looking over the courts of the palace, which are crowded by anxious spectators. Behind his highness's chair stand slaves, gracefully waving punkahs of ostrich and peacocks' feathers round his superbly ornamented turban ; and below him are ranged the wrestlers, fine Rajpoots, in the prime of life, displaying a symmetry of form and a developement of muscular power not unworthy the gymnasium theatres of ancient Greece. If we except one long waving lock of hair, their heads were closely shaven, and their only covering a pair of crimson silk drawers, descending about half way to the knee, and bound tightly round the loins with a many-coloured scarf.

" After a succession of salaams to the Rao, two of the wrestlers step forward, and the exhibition commences, by each violently slapping the inside of his arms and thighs, in succession, with the open palm of the opposite hand ; until, at an understood signal, the men seize each other by the waist, place their foreheads together, and struggle, toss, and twist each other about, until one falls ; when the victor, cheered by the shouts of the spectators, gracefully lifts a handful of dust to his forehead, and salaaming to the Rao, backs to his place, while another pair step forward to repeat the same ceremony."

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" All further interference being useless, the ceremony proceeded. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and curries on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease, and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each, with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which,

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otherwise uninteresting country, an appearance of rustic civilisation, peculiarly pleasing. . . . . The people of Mandavie are a peculiarly handsome race, and much more indebted to nature on this account than the inhabitants of the interior. I think climate must produce this enviable distinction, the air being agreeably soft and cool; and as a salubrious sea-side residence for invalids, the country is considered superior to any on this side of India. The sands on the shore are firm and equal, extending to a distance of some miles at ebb tide, and affording advantages for a delightful promenade; whilst the soft sand-hillocks nearer the city are overgrown with a hardy species of lilac *convolvulus*, whose bright leaves serve to conceal the arid soil, and most gratefully refresh the eye. Another material advantage to the convalescent in search of health at Mandavie, is to be found in a change of diet: fish of good quality, amongst which are the much-esteemed pomphlet, oysters, crabs, and prawns, abound in the Gulf of Cutch; but as the prejudice of the Banyans will not allow fishing to be carried on as a trade, the supply is at times very unequal to the general demand."

About two miles from Mandavie are the extensive ruins of the great city of "Raipoor," the coins of which bore the "lively effigies" of a jack-ass. The natives account for this singular impress by a wild legend, full of transformations, and, in parts, not unlike our nursery tale of "Beauty and the Beast." But *certes*, we know of many a dynasty, European as well as Asiatic, for whom the "grandfather of stupidity" (as the Persians call the ass) were a fitting type and emblem.

Mrs. Postans gives the ass legend at length. She has a taste for legends and orientalisms, and does them exceedingly well. There are several in her book, as well as several clever abstracts of Cutch poems. As provincial bards, Cutch possesses its Bhats and Dadies, who rehearse the warlike deeds of their ancestry, attend at marriages and other festivals, improvising epithalamiums, and various odes, for which they receive a slight gratuity.

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she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door ; and again it was

insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed ; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded ; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last ; not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame, darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air ; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight, as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view ; whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise, as best they might, on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy.

" The pile continued to burn for three hours ; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim. In producing this effect, the arrangement of the pyre I have described is far more merciful than that commonly used, which is a mere frame of bamboos covered with combustible matter in the form of a bed, on which the bodies are laid, the quick and the dead bound together in a last embrace. . . . . I have before observed, that self-sacrifice has been benevolently forbidden in provinces which are under the British control, and is, therefore, less common on this side of India than in Bengal. However, as the people have the power of travelling to those places which are still governed by native princes, the most zealous amongst them adopt this means of gratifying their wishes. I remember, while at Mandavie, once having seen three women arrive, after seventeen days' voyage, from Bombay, for the purpose of performing *suttee*, and under peculiar circumstances they are permitted to do so, without the presence of the husband's body : according to the *Puranas*, ' if the husband die on a journey, or in a distant country, the widow, holding his sandals to her breast, may pass into the flames.' One of these women had come to perform *suttee* for her son, whom she stated to have been her husband in a former birth. This woman, who was advanced in years, went by in an open cart, triumphantly bearing a branch of the sacred *tulsi*, and surrounded by almost the whole population of Mandavie. I was not present at the ceremony, which took place at a distance of ten miles ; but was afterwards assured that the three widows became ' *sadhwee*' with unshaken fortitude."

We have been led into a sad subject, but this is almost the only lugubrious passage in the book, which abounds, on the contrary, with pleasant, cheering pictures, and which is written throughout in a loving, cheerful spirit. We most cordially recommend it to the attention of all our readers. They will find in it sundry confirmations of what has been said in a preceding page concerning the rapid advances in civilisation making by the native Indians under our dominion, and the laudable attention paid by our government there to the great subject of education. Even in Cutch the people are rapidly learning the English language—a key to rather more useful knowledge than Sanscrit, Hindostanee, or Persian. Until the year 1816, when a treaty was formed with the Bombay government, and a subsidised force of British troops sent into the country, Cutch was devastated by faction, and harassed by the atrocious profligacy of its rulers and nobles. Trade was neglected, because no property was safe ; towns and villages were everywhere falling to ruin. But in the course of twenty-two years all this has been changed ; and now every native may enjoy in peace the fruits of his own industry and enterprise. There remains of course an immense deal to do ; but this *may be* done in peace and in friendly alliance with Great Britain—*never* in war and anarchy, or under the dominion of selfish and brutalising conquerors.

## Ada; a Tale. By CAMILLA NEEDHAM.

This is not an aimless book, and this is saying something, especially when, as in the present case, the aim is good. Mrs. Needham thus describes her object.

"There seem to be two distinct species of Novel now chiefly in vogue: the one calculated to spread folly and mischief; the other, to purify the morals, and amend the heart.

"The balance between these has hitherto been very uneven; the latter appearing in a very small proportion, compared with the former; and any additional weight thrown into the scale of virtue, must hasten the time when the other scale will rise, and scatter its contents to the winds.

"The author, being of opinion that a novel should always be a *moral or religious story, illustrative of character and principle*, has endeavoured to unite utility with amusement, and to avoid those errors which are most prevalent and most pernicious.

"In this story, there is no interest excited by a display of vicious passions; which, by familiarising the mind with vice, unavoidably destroys its innocence.

"No encouragement is given to satire or ill-nature, by the introduction of characters from real life.

"The profanation of sacred names, by associating them with light and mirthful subjects, has been, as much as possible, avoided.

"The obvious objection there is to *anonymous writing*, must be the excuse for the apparent presumption of prefixing a name to a work that may be considered as too insignificant for notice.

"If, by shunning the rock of vice, the author has unwittingly fallen upon that of dulness, she can only plead, like Lady M——, when asked why she wrote 'such intolerable nonsense—that she wrote as well as she could.'

We will not interfere with the plot, though the reader will probably be led by the following passage to see in Montague something more than a mere unimpassioned adviser.

"Having one day escaped into the garden to enjoy herself over Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne,' she sat, pencil in hand, marking with delight her favourite passages. Presently she heard footsteps approaching, and looking up, perceived Montague, who, not finding her father at home, had come to seek him in the garden. He apologized for his intrusion, and hoped he did not interrupt her studies.

"'No, he did not; would he sit down and enjoy them with her? She longed for some one to appreciate, as she did, the charms of her favourite author: if he would listen she would read to him.'

"'Oh, he would listen with the greatest delight.'

"'I have just been reading the third chapter "On Women." How beautifully it is written! with what grace the charming authoress expresses herself!—listen.'

"'Dans une époque où le mal universel est l'egoïsme, les hommes, auxquels tous intérêts positifs rapportent, doivent avoir moins de générosité, moins de sensibilité que les femmes. Elles ne tiennent à la vie que par les liens du cœur, et lorsqu'elles s'égarent, c'est encore par un sentiment qu'elles sont entraînées; leur personnalité est toujours à deux, tandis que celle de l'homme n'a que lui-même pour but. On leur rend hommage par les affections qu'elles inspirent, mais celles qu'elles accordent sont presque toujours des sacrifices. La plus belle des vertus, le Dévouement, est leur jouissance et leur destinée; nul bonheur ne peut exister pour elles que par le reflet de la gloire et des prosperités d'un autre; enfin, vivre hors de soi-même, soit par les idées, soit par les sentiments, soit surtout par les vertus, donne à l'âme un sentiment habituel d'elevation.'

"'Beautifully expressed,' said Montague, 'and a charming description of the essence of a woman's character—as it should be.'

"'Should be! do you not think, then, that it is true?'

"'Sometimes; but certainly not always. Not when vanity has encouraged self-love.'

"Ada's conscience felt uneasy. She continued,

"'But do you call it vanity to wish to please? Surely it is a natural and amiable feeling.'

" ' Its being natural does not prove its innocence: but *pleasing* is rather a vague term: do you mean, to give pleasure, or to be pleasing? Benevolence makes you anxious to give pleasure to others; vanity to make them pleased with you.'

" ' And is there any harm in wishing others to be pleased with you? There is nothing wrong, I hope, in wishing to be loved.'

" ' I do not think there is: but there is a passage in this very book on that subject—if I could find it—here it is.'

" ' C'est une disposition très agréable que le désir de plaire, mais elle diffère cependant beaucoup du besoin d'être aimé: le désir de plaire rend dépendant de l'opinion; le besoin d'être aimé en affranchit: on pourroit désirer de plaire à ceux même à qui l'on feroit beaucoup de mal, et c'est précisement ce qu'on appelle de la coquetterie: cette coquetterie n'appartient pas exclusivement aux femmes; il y en a dans toutes les manières qui servent à témoigner plus d'affection qu'on n'en éprouve réellement.'

" ' I understand,' said Ada; ' I see the difference clearly: an affectionate heart requires *love*; a vain heart *admiration*. After all, for my sake, I hope vanity and coquetry are pardonable offences.'

" We may trust that all our errors may be pardoned: but, if you mean that they may be indulged with impunity, I tell you, decidedly not. Coquetry is incompatible with a christian character. It is completely selfish, and in direct opposition to the simple rule, *Do as you would be done by.*'

" ' I never thought so seriously of it,' said Ada. ' I will not be a coquette.'

" ' You—you a coquette! I should hope not. Surely there is no danger of it. You may sometimes trifle from thoughtlessness, but a systematic coquette can have no heart, no principle.'

" There was a pause for some moments, which was broken by Ada taking up the book and asking Montague if he did not admire the work very much?

" ' Yes, I do exceedingly; but there is a fault I find with almost all French works of this class. Love and religion are confounded together, till they appear almost one and the same thing; very different to the opinion of the primitive Christians, who were rather inclined to think them incompatible.'

" ' Incompatible! good Heavens! I hope not.'

" Montague smiled. Ada blushed, and added, ' But do you?'

" ' No, not quite: but,' added he, looking down as he spoke, ' it is necessary, to the growth of one, that the other should be indulged in moderation: its progress must be watched, or it will bear down all before it, and bind us to this earth with ties so irresistible—' he stopped, struck by the warmth with which he was speaking. Ada looked at him, and said to herself, ' Ah, poor Montague, you have certainly been in love!'

" After a short pause, he changed the subject, by asking if she had ever read *Corinne*?

" ' No, never; but I very much wish to read it. Have you got it? Will you lend it to me?'

" ' I have got it, but do not ask me to lend it to you. It is beautiful, and intensely interesting, but I do not recommend you to read it, for the excitement works entirely upon the passions—you are fascinated without satisfaction, and you rise from the book without having strengthened one moral or religious principle.'

" ' You think, then, it would do me harm?'

" ' Yes, I do. I think every book that excites the imagination, without improving the heart, is positively prejudicial to a young person: this is the error of novels in general, but it is most particularly the case in this distressing tale. All the agitations the mind undergoes make no beneficial impression: they leave the heart desolate; humanity, truth, and propriety, sophisticated and perplexed; and vanity invested with the attractions of suffering innocence.' But what am I doing here; preaching morality to Miss Harrington?'

" ' Oh, it is very good of you: and are you not an old friend of papa's?'

" ' True. I wonder where your father is.' And Montague seemed so anxious to move, that Ada rose, and walking with him to the end of the garden, found the general leaning over a gate, meditating on his hay crops."

" ' Ada' is a Tale that will be read with advantage, especially in the formation of character; and to Mrs. Needham belongs the praise of having produced a volume which will form an interesting study for the silent hour, as well as a valuable addition to a judiciously selected family library.

*Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia. With Descriptions of the recently explored Region of Australia Felix, and of the present Colony of New South Wales.* By MAJOR T. L. MITCHELL, F.G.S., and M.R.G.S., Surveyor-General. 2 vols.

These are two rare volumes—most valuable additions to our collected knowledge of the wonderful globe we inhabit. The scientific and amiable author, Major Mitchell, under the patronage of the local government, has done more than any man living—far more than all his predecessors put together—in solving the mysteries of the interior of the great continent of Australia, which, up to his memorable expeditions, was less known than Central Africa—was a field for conjecture and conflicting theories. It would have been difficult to find another explorer so admirably qualified for the task. A good geologist and zoologist, a fair botanist, a ready and excellent draftsman, endowed with patience and perseverance, good health, and buoyant, cheerful spirits—he was the very man to acquire the knowledge we wanted, to force his way to it through danger, toil, and nearly every kind of difficulty, and to communicate it, when acquired, in a manly, clear, and simple manner. He has high claims to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen; and we trust that such services as his will not fail of their proper and *solid* recompense.

In the month of September of last year, in noticing Dr. Lang's "Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales," we mentioned that Major Mitchell had started on an arduous expedition to trace the river Darling to its *supposed* junction with the Murray river. The supposition is now converted into certainty. After a terrible march through a "scrubby country," and some unpleasant collisions with fierce tribes of natives, the major and his little party, on the 3rd of June, 1836, came to the junction of the two rivers. But, alas! the Darling is not the copious, perennial stream which Captain Sturt fancied it. All the water then visible belonged to the Murray, whose course was rapid, while its turbid flood filled part of the channel of the Darling, but was there perfectly still. Above the point of confluence the bed of the Darling presented nothing but a succession of standing ponds or pools, with not so much as a *filet d'eau* to unite them, or form the smallest stream. Hence the hopes of inland navigation must (in this direction at least) confine themselves to the bed of the Murray, which—it is now settled—has at all seasons of the year a most copious supply of water. On the 23rd of May, when he first came upon it, the major found a magnificent stream one hundred and sixty-five yards broad, the waters being whitish. In the month of March he had found the Lachlan, which at times bears along a world of waters, a torrent, a deluge, wholly without water, except a few small ponds which still remained in the very deepest parts of its bed. "Such," he says, "was now the state of that river down which my predecessor's boats had floated."

As to the wonderful sea fancied by Oxley as occupying all the interior of the continent, and swallowing up all the rivers, Major Mitchell informs us that in the course of his journeys in 1834-5 he drew his whale-boats *sixteen hundred miles* over land without ever finding water enough to float them—"whereas Mr. Oxley had twice retired by nearly the same routes, and in the same season of the year, from *supposed* inland seas."

It is difficult—or, rather, it is impossible—to give a notion of Major Mitchell's labours and discoveries in our narrow limits, and without the aid of maps and plans; but his two volumes will be studied entire by all who take an interest in geographical pursuits, and by all informed emigrants about settling in that wonderful country. The following general remarks on the character of the country traversed in his various expe-

ditions are exceedingly important. They go to confirm the preconceived opinion that the colonisation capabilities of Australia are all upon, or near to, the sea-board ; for if Oxley's inland sea has no existence, yet the interior of the country is, for the most part, a repulsive desert.

" Where there is so much unproductive surface, the unavoidable dispersion of population renders good lines of communication more essentially necessary, and these must consist of roads, for there are neither navigable rivers, nor, in general, the means of forming canals. This colony might thus extend northward to the tropic of Capricorn, westward to the 145th degree of east longitude ; the southern portion having for boundaries the Darling, the Murray, and the sea-coast. Throughout the extensive territory thus bounded, one-third, probably, consists of desert interior plains ; one-fourth, of land available for pasturage or cultivation ; and the remainder, of rocky mountain, or impassable or unproductive country. Perhaps the greater portion of really good land within the whole extent will be found to the southward of the Murray, for there the country consists chiefly of trap, granite, or limestone. The amount of surface comprised in European kingdoms affords no criterion of what may be necessary for the growth of a new people in Australia. Extreme differences of soil, climate, and seasons, may indeed be usefully reconciled and rendered available to one community there, but this must depend on ingenious adaptations, aided by all the facilities man's art can supply, in the free occupation of a very extensive region. Agricultural resources must be ever scanty and uncertain in a country where there is so little moisture to nourish vegetation. We have seen, from the state of the Darling, that all the surface water flowing from the vast territory west of the dividing range, and extending north and south between the Murray and the tropic, is insufficient to support the current of one small river. The country southward of the Murray is not so deficient in this respect, for there the mountains are higher, the rocks more varied, and the soil consequently better ; while the vast extent of open grassy downs seems just what was most necessary for the prosperity of the present colonists, and the encouragement of emigration from Europe.

" Every variety of feature may be seen in these southern parts, from the lofty alpine region on the east, to the low grassy plains in which it terminates on the west. The Murray, perhaps the largest river in all Australia, arises amongst those mountains, and receives in its course various other rivers of considerable magnitude. These flow over extensive plains in directions nearly parallel to the main stream, and thus irrigate and fertilize a great extent of rich country. Falling from mountains of great height, the current of these rivers is perpetual, whereas in other parts of Australia the rivers are too often dried up, and seldom indeed deserve any other name than chains of ponds.

" Hills of moderate elevation occupy the central country between the Murray and the sea, being thinly or partially wooded, and covered with the richest pasturage. The lower country, both on the northern and southern skirts of these hills, is chiefly open ; slightly undulating towards the coast on the south, and, in general, well watered.

" The grassy plains which extend northward from these thinly wooded hills to the banks of the Murray, are chequered by the channels of many streams falling from them, and by the more permanent and extensive waters of deep lagoons, which are numerous on the face of these plains, as if intended by a bounteous Providence to correct the deficiencies of a climate otherwise too dry for an industrious and increasing people, by preserving in these abundant reservoirs the surplus waters of the large river, and indeed a finer country for cattle stations than this, can scarcely be imagined.

" In the western portion small rivers radiate from the Grampians, an elevated and isolated mass, presenting no impediment to a free communication through the fine country around its base. Hence that enormous labour necessary in order to obtain access to some parts, and for crossing continuous ranges to reach others, by passes like those so essential to the prosperity of the present colony, might be in a great degree dispensed with in that southern region.

" Towards the sea-coast on the south, and adjacent to the open downs between the Grampians and Port Phillip, there is a low tract consisting of very rich black soil, apparently the best imaginable for the cultivation of grain in such a climate.

" On parts of the low ridges of hills near Cape Nelson and Portland Bay are forests of very large trees of stringy-bark, iron-bark, and other useful species of

eucalyptus, much of which is probably destined yet to float in vessels on the adjacent sea.

"The character of the country behind Cape Northumberland affords fair promise of a harbour in the shore to the westward. Such a port would probably possess advantages over any other on the southern coast, for a railroad from thence along the skirts of the level interior country would require but little artificial levelling, and might extend to the tropic of Capricorn, or even beyond it, thus affording the means of expeditious communication between all the fine districts on the interior side of the coast ranges, and a sea-port to the westward of Bass's Straits.

"The Murray, fed by the lofty mountains on the east, carries to the sea a body of fresh water sufficient to irrigate the whole country, and this is in general so level, even to a great distance from its banks, that the abundant waters of the river might probably be turned into canals, for the purpose either of supplying natural deficiencies of water at particular places, or of affording the means of transport across the wide plains.

"The high mountains in the east have not yet been explored, but their very aspect is refreshing in a country where the summer heat is often very oppressive. The land is, in short, open and available in its present state for all the purposes of civilised man. We traversed it in two directions with heavy carts, meeting no other obstruction than the softness of the rich soil, and in returning over flowery plains and green hills fanned by the breezes of early spring, I named this region *Australia Felix*, the better to distinguish it from the parched deserts of the interior country, where we had wandered so unprofitably and so long.

"This territory, still, for the most part, in a state of nature, presents a fair page for any geographical arrangement, whether of county divisions, lines of communication, or sites of towns, &c. &c. The growth of a colony there might be trained according to one general system, with a view to various combinations of soil and climate, and not left to chance, as in old countries—or, which would perhaps be worse, to the partial or narrow views of the first settlers.

"It would be establishing a lasting monument of the beneficial influence of British power and colonisation, thus to engraft a new and flourishing state on a region now so desolate and unproductive; but this seems only possible under very extensive arrangements, and with such means as England alone can supply:—

'Here the great mistress of the seas is known,  
By empires founded,—not by states o'erthrown.'

"Sydney Gazette, Jan. 1, 1831."

From some interesting communications read at the last meeting of the Geographical Society, we learn that Captain Wickham and Lieutenants Grey and Lushington have made great progress in the nautical survey of the north-western and other parts of the coast of Australia. Their expedition in H. M. S. Beagle only left England in the month of July of last year. It appears to be admirably conducted. One large river, named Fitzroy River, has been discovered at the south part of the great opening of Van Dieman's Land, in lat.  $17^{\circ} 34'$ , and long.  $123^{\circ} 38'$ , and another "very considerable" river, which they have christened Glenelg River, in  $15^{\circ} 43'$ — $124^{\circ} 44'$ . But generally they speak of a wonderful want of rivers, saying, that what they have discovered are utterly insufficient to account for the drainage of this vast continent.

#### ANNUALS.

*Heath's Book of Beauty*, 1839. Edited by the COUNTESS OF BLES-SINGTON.

To speak first of externals—never the least striking part of these holiday books—the beauties this year, as last, are enclosed in rich purple and gold, a most beautiful binding.

Dec. 1838.—VOL. XXIII.—NO. XCII.

The portraits given are those of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Viscountess Mahon, the Viscountess Valletort, the Viscountess Powerscourt, the Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, the Lady Fanny Cowper, Mrs. Maberly, Mrs. Mountjoy Martyn, the Viscountess Fitzharris, Mrs. Verschoyle, Miss Ellen Home Purves, Miss Cockayne. It would not be easy to find anywhere else twelve such lovely faces and graceful forms. Six of them are from drawings by Chalon, and, *sauf* a few defects in proportion, they are admirable. The Duchess of Sutherland, who leads the van, is a most lovely and queen-like figure, and a good likeness. Quite in a different *gendre*, the Viscountess Powerscourt is "beautiful exceedingly."

Excepting in a few cases, (the exceptions are mostly by Lady Blessington,) the letter-press has nothing to do with the pictures. *Tant mieux* perhaps—for it is not very easy to write upon such portraits. The principal contributors are Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Bernal, Mr. Wilkinson the Egyptian traveller, Lord Gardner, the Hon. Grantley Berkley, Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, Miss Theodosia Garrow, Mr. Howard, author of "Rattlin the Reefer," Mrs. Fairlie, and the fair editor herself, who in the "Young Mother" has furnished a delightful little sketch—one of the very cleverest things in a book where nearly everything is clever. Sir Lytton Bulwer's Ode to a Leafless Tree in June is not an ode—certainly not—but a very exquisite little piece of verse. The highest strains in the volume are two dramatic scenes by Walter Savage Landor. The subject of them is Anne Boleyn. The author has made use of an Epping Forest tradition, which was first introduced to our notice by Doctor Nott, in his *Life of Surrey*. Among the lighter pieces, we were struck with the following by James Smith, that matchless maker of *vers de société*.

"LINES ADDRESSED TO THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. VERSCHOYLE.

" To shun the syren's first attacks,  
 Ulysses, ocean ranger,  
 Sealed his companion's ears with wax,  
 And thus escaped the danger.  
 Bound to the mast, himself, in vain  
 He strove to hear their chorus :  
 The deafened sailors ploughed the main,  
 And rounded Cape Pelorus.

" Had you sung there, to win the prize  
 By all the Muses cherish'd,  
 (Had he not bound his sailors' eyes,)  
 The subtle Greek had perish'd.  
 That face—that voice—all tastes must suit,  
 O'er all enchantment flinging ;  
 You fascinate our eyes when mute,  
 And charm our ears when singing."

*The Keepsake.* Edited by FREDERICK MANSEL REYNOLDS.

There is one very notable improvement in "The Keepsake" this year, and that is in the binding. This is the first specimen of Mr. Hancock's patent method of bookbinding, which we hope will be universally adopted in all illustrated books. Mr. Heath is quite right; by this method the plates and letter-press are exhibited with an effect that has not been hitherto attained by any other mode of binding. It is a pleasure to open such a book. Under the covers there are just three things that annoy us; one is a portrait of the Countes Guiccioli, which is not only not like what that *bella dama* now is, but wholly unlike what she has ever been; the second is a cloudy, scrubby plate, representing the Roman

Colosseum, with a sprawling figure in the foreground of Lord Byron, dressed in a Jemmy Jessamy mantle and white tights, and looking something between a schoolboy and an opera-dancer ; and the third is a most ignorant and senseless tale, called "Alibi." We do not much like the plate of Constantine and Euphrosia, or that of the "Unearthly Visitant," or that of the "Maid of Mantua," but all the rest command our admiration and praise. The literary contributions are as good as usual, perhaps better than they have generally been. "A Leaf from a Journal of a Tour in Russia," by Lady Londonderry, is so pleasantly written that we are sorry her ladyship did not write her lord's book. "The Marriage of Sion," by Mr. J. A. St. John, is a touching and beautiful narrative ; and as much may be said of the true history of "Mary of Mantua," by Mr. James. "Rattlin the Reefer" shows his vigour and spirit in the tale of the "Two Blind Beggars of Segovia," and Lord Nugent his admirable good nature and good feeling in "Some Passages in the History of an Old Foretop-gallant-yard,"—upon which, however, Rattlin would have been rather more at home than his lordship. Lord John Manners, Lord Maidstone, the Marquis of Granby, the Hon. Grantley Berkley, the Lady Nugent, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Shelley, Miss A. Farren, and Miss Camilla Toulmin, have furnished among them many pages of pleasing and elegant verse. Lady Charlotte St. Maur's "Eve of Allhallows," a tale of sixty years ago, is written with unusual power.

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**Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1839. Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE.**

This book is bound in the same excellent manner as the "Keepsake." Instead of ranging over a whole kingdom, or navigating a mighty river in search of the picturesque, the artists this year confine themselves to Versailles, its palace, its theatre, its gardens and groves, its canals and fountains. His Majesty Louis Philippe, by his expensive doings, has brightened the face of all this, and given it a new charm ; and on the whole the subject is sufficiently rich and interesting to furnish matter for a volume. The first engraving awakens many melancholy remembrances ; it is a view of the Grand Chapel, during the celebration of the marriage of Marie-Antoinette and Louis XVI.! The general view of Versailles from the heights of Satory is beautifully given, and (which may be said of nearly all the *locales*) it is wonderfully like the place. Perhaps the prettiest and liveliest plate in the volume is that of the gardens, with the declining sun shining brightly on groups of merry-making people and on the clear waters of the canal.

The portraits introduced of Madame De Montespan, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Madame de Maintenon, &c., may give an additional interest to the volume, though they are not very remarkable as works of art.

By the way, the letter-engraver has made a curious mistake : he calls the wife of Louis the XVI. the *Empress* Marie-Antoinette. This is not likely to mislead many persons ; but still, as the error might have been so easily corrected on the plate, it ought to have been done. As *interieurs*, the Theatre, and the Grande Galerie des Glaces, or Mirror Gallery, are splendid things.

Courts and palaces are not exactly the scenes which the plain-spoken editor is best calculated to shine in. He seems to have felt this himself, for he has taken the mass of his matter from a French writer. "It was thought," says he, with more meaning than meets the eye, "that the history of Versailles could be best written, because best felt, by a Frenchman." Mr. Ritchie has, however, written the account, at the end of the book, of the vast alterations and completions made by Louis Philippe,

and this is the portion of the volume that we have read with most pleasure. But we doubt not that the whole of it will be popular.

*Jennings's Landscape Annual.* Edited by W. H. HARRISON, Author of "Tales of a Physician."

This volume is devoted to the glories of Portugal, and the illustrations, generally speaking, are worthy of the subject. They are all taken from drawings by James Holland, an artist of great merit and remarkable fidelity. The views of Oporto, of the Serra Convent, the Bar of the Douro, Coimbra, the old cathedral of Coimbra, the street of Misericordia in Leiria, and, above all, the four views taken at or in the great Abbey of Batalha—that wonderful monument of Portuguese wealth, and taste, and superstition—are of surpassing beauty and interest. Indeed, these four last plates have given us as much pleasure as all the plates of all the Annuals put together. The letter-press, by Mr. Harrison, affords some pleasant, light reading; but, as a *bonne bouche*, as something the most exquisite and perfect of its kind, we would direct our readers' attention to Mr. Beckford's description of Alcobaça and Batalha, which was written nearly half a century ago, but published only some three years since, by Mr. Bentley, in a small volume that may be devoured in the course of one winter evening.

*Tranquil Hours. Poems.* By MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Mrs. Thomas has printed, in this elegant little volume, some very touching poems. Several are lyrical, one of which has already been set to music by Mr. Willis. As a first production, which we take it to be, it is certainly very creditable to the fair authoress. Did our limits permit, we could easily support our commendation by extracts; but must content ourselves with the following specimen, which will, we trust, procure for these "Tranquil Hours" a place in many a tranquil home.

"There is a word that must be spoke,  
On which affection's tones will dwell,  
That many a gentle heart has broke,—  
The grief-fraught word, farewell!  
Mary! in friendship's calmer joy  
Our hearts have wreath'd a deathless spell,  
No time, no absence can destroy;  
'Tis seal'd in this farewell!  
Yet throbs my breast with anxious pain;  
Unpitying thoughts prophetic tell  
Perchance we ne'er may meet again,—  
This is a last farewell!  
Ah me! whatever grief awaits,  
On thee shall tend'rest memory dwell;  
While hope's bright ray irradiates  
The gloom of this farewell!  
Sweet girl! could I thy fate divine,  
'Twould hush the sighs my bosom swell;  
Assured felicity were thine,  
Tho' brought by our farewell!  
The pensive woe it gives to part,  
The fond regret the tear may tell,  
That sparkles from my sorrowing heart  
To gem our sad farewell!  
Could I decree thy future lot,  
Pleasure and love should with thee dwell;  
No care should haunt the laughing spot  
No echo to repeat farewell!"

*The Lost Evidence.* By HANNAH BURDON, Author of " Seymour of Sudley." In 3 vols.

Miss Burdon is already advantageously known to the public by her former work, " Seymour of Sudley ;" and her present production will, we have no doubt, carry her still further on the tide of favour. She possesses, in a high degree, the talent of graphic delineation, as well as of vivid conception of character—those two qualifications so essential to the novelist, especially in the path of history. We shall quote a passage or two, which, to those not familiar with Miss Burdon's writings, will give an idea of the style of the work.

" Deeply impressed with one of those dark presentiments of evil from which, like the shadow of an unseen thing, reason frequently struggles vainly to escape, Lady Dacres lingered, after all the congregation had dispersed, gazing, with sad feelings, upon the stone-sculptured tombs of her predecessors, where cross-legged knights and pious dames lay, with their up-turned fingers, like cold corpses, on a bier, decked in the harness and their robes of state.

" ' Last type of human vanity,' she murmured, ' a little while, and you shall crumble like the dust below, and not a relic of that graven legend will remain more than if writ on water. Fame, honour, wealth, 'tis thus you pass away, poisoning the life that's spent in winning you, and won but to be buried in the grave. So frail are all things built on men's opinion, and wretched be who labours for mankind's applause, who rather far would blame him ! Too late I learn there is a nobler end of being, which even those who crave mere peace of mind should ever hold in view—for, in God's service, they will win that bliss which mingles not in the intoxicating draught of criminal or passionate delight the young heart doth too often miscall happiness. Too late I learn to doubt my sinful nature—too late I learn the secrets of the chain which links our passions and our griefs together ! Alas, too late ! For, though the body perishes, the spirit's deeds have no annihilation, and, by ourselves created, will exist to be our curse or blessing through eternity ! Now, even now, my punishment begins !'

" For a moment she laid her hand upon the icy marble, for a moment she gazed around her like one who saw not matter, but the ideal images of thought, and then awakening, as from a trance, to the ordinary realities of life, she pressed her clasped hands on her heart, and exclaimed, ' Come what may come, I henceforth am prepared ;' and, with a lofty and steady carriage, walked slowly from the sacred edifice.

" She crossed the grass-grown burying-ground, where mossy and rough hewn stones were the only memorials of the humble dead who had gone to the grave in peace, and the redbreast, as it flew from mound to mound, was chirping its cheerful note. The peasants had all passed away, and no one was to be seen but the lady's own attendants, who stood with the horses, awaiting her coming, on the road without the enclosure. She mounted her quiet jennet, and turned its head towards the castle, though with even more than her usual aversion she thought of returning to its walls."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Witherington and his companion had no sooner reached the ground in safety than they hurried with the utmost anxiety from the castle walls across the deep ravine which skirted them to the south ; and, turning abruptly to the right, made all speed to gain the Stobb Hill, where it was their intention to purchase horses. But when they had climbed the steep bank, on which the farm-house was situated, they found, with no little dismay, but only as might reasonably have been expected, that all its inhabitants were fast asleep. It was in vain they battered at the doors, no one answered their summons ; and, afraid of losing time, Luke proposed they should at once proceed to the stable, and take such cattle as pleased them.

" ' We are out of reach of the Stannington watch and ward, and your name, Maister, at the worst, wad be security enough, or I should na relish being caught horse-stealing,' said the trusty fellow, as he led forth two stout geldings, which the gentleman had assisted him to saddle, and, without running further risk by needless delay, they vaulted on their backs, and were nearly out of hearing when the farmer at length aroused, and, discovering his loss, came out, and bawled after them as loud as he was able ; but, as he had no four-footed creature left to assist him in pursuing

the thieves, he was fain, before long, to desist from this useless exercise of his lungs, and to return with many curses and lamentations to his bed.

"The anxiety of poor Luke on his brother's account quite equalled that of Witherington, who perhaps, during that ride, thought more of Edith Ogle than either of his mother or Leonard Dacres. But such was the speed with which they both urged on their horses, that in less than an hour they stood before the gates of Bothal Castle, and challenged the warder for admission. No sooner had Witherington announced his name than the drawbridge was immediately lowered, and Lord Ogle, having been made acquainted with the pressing nature of his business, not many minutes elapsed before the nobleman joined him.

"'By the Queen, God bless her, I thought you were lost, Mr. Witherington,' he exclaimed; 'we were a-foot last night till twelve, in hopes of your return, and my men have orders to be under arms at sunrise, to go with me in search of you.'

"'I have been made prisoner, and escaped with difficulty from the clutches of that arch traitor, Leonard Dacres,' he replied.

"'Ha! matters then with him are drawing to a head, if he presumes thus far.'

"'I trust they are, my lord,' said the young man, in hurried accents, 'for we have proof that it was he who shed my father's blood, and not Mr. Ogle.'

"'You astonish me!'

"'I do but speak the truth, my lord, as time will quickly prove; and come to seek my servants, who are lodged beneath your roof, and such light troopers as you will please to grant me—twelve in all, if you are so inclined, to intercept a party of his men who are this morning to convey a worthy man and most material evidence of all his villainies to his stronghold at Naworth.'

"'Take as many of my people as it likes you, the service is a good one,' was the nobleman's reply.

"'And, moreover, I will venture to propose,' continued Witherington, 'that you should march against Morpeth without delay, where I trust, on my return, to join you about about nine o'clock, and thus at once arrest the traitor Dacres, or force him to stand a siege.'

"'I have orders from the Court to keep an eye on him,' was Lord Ogle's reply, 'for he is solely mistrusted; but many of my men have but newly come in, and lack rest for a day or two to refresh their horses, and to fit their armour, before they can much avail in such hard service.'

"'The march will not be long,' returned Witherington, 'and I pray you to remember, my lord, how much honour to yourself, how much good service to her blessed majesty the Queen, and quiet to this harassed country, will result from your arresting this dark plotting traitor, before he has again lighted the firebrand of rebellion through the land.'

"'You say truly,' replied his listener, 'and if my forces are sufficient, it might do me much credit to succeed in such a stroke before Lord Hunsdon or Lord Scroope came to take all the praise.'

"'His men are but new levies, and at most five hundred,' answered Witherington.

"'And there is without doubt sufficient evidence of his treasons to justify me in such a proceeding,' returned the slow-headed peer.

"'You gave me strong proof of his guilt ere we parted,' said the young man, 'and every hour has but confirmed it.'

"'Well, well, the plan is feasible, and, after the instructions I have received, cannot, I believe, bring me into any trouble with the Court; so I comply, Mr. Witherington, and will strike without warrant for once. At nine I must be before the walls, did you say?'

"'At nine, my lord.'

"'At nine, then, I will meet you.'

Here we must close, recommending "The Lost Evidence" to the attentive perusal of those of our readers who delight to find themselves transported by the efforts of genius to scenes and circumstances which have left no trace behind them but such as is to be found in the page of the chronicler, or as often more vividly illustrated by the pen of the novelist.

*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*Wild Sports in the West.*—This is a cheap reprint, in one volume, of an exceedingly amusing and popular work. The embellishments are not very good—not such as we are now accustomed to, even in *very* cheap works—and the paper is not of the best: but the type is excellent.

*The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare, &c.* By the Rev. THOMAS PRICE, Chaplain to her Majesty's Convict Establishment at Woolwich.—We have as great a dislike to “beauties and selections in general” as ever Coleridge had; but the present little pocket volume is compiled with unusual care and judgment, and will be of use even to those most conversant with the works of the greatest of all poets and philosophers. We anticipate for it an extensive sale, which it assuredly deserves.

*Edwin and Morcar, a Tragedy in Five Acts.*—A mistake, but not without talent and high feeling.

*Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure, &c.* By JOHN STEVENSON, Esq.—This is a cheap and revised edition of the excellent treatise we noticed some time ago, interspersed with additional practical hints, cases, and illustrations, which add greatly to its value.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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 Physical Geography. By T. S. Traill, M.D. Crown 8vo. 6s.  
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*Clarke's Tales and Sketches*. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
*Pereira's Materia Medica*. Part I. 8vo. 16s.

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### LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

We have great pleasure in stating that Mrs. Jameson's long-expected work, "*WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA*," will be in the hands of the public on the 3rd instant.

The new work, "*TRAVELS IN TOWN*," by the Author of "*Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*," will also appear in the same week.

The Hon. Mrs. Sayers has nearly completed the printing of her new work, "*HENRY ACTON, AND OTHER TALES*."

The first number of the new Quarterly Magazine, entitled "*THE Isis*," is to be published on the 1st of January.

A lively volume, entitled "*WAKING DREAMS*," from the pen of a Lady, is in the press, and intended for speedy publication.

A poem, entitled "*THE GAZELLA*," is also nearly ready.

Mrs. Gore has nearly ready an entirely new translation of the complete works of Madame de Sévigné, many of which have never yet appeared in English; illustrated by copious notes, biographical and historical, in the manner of Croker's *Boswell*. The letters will be preceded by an original Essay upon the Life and Manners of Madame de Sévigné and her great contemporaries. Mrs. Gore has availed herself largely of the valuable collections in the Royal Library of Paris.

*Blackstone's Commentaries*, by Coleridge: a new edition, with Notes explanatory of all the Changes in the Law since the last edition; together with a Life of Blackstone, a Preliminary Essay, and a greatly improved Index. By Samuel Warren, F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law.

*A History of the Fishes of Madeira*, by the Rev. R. T. Lowe, with original Figures from Nature of all the Species, by the Hon. C. E. C. Norton and Miss Young.

*The Cathedral Bell*, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "*The Stepmother*"; "*Longinus, or the Fall of Palmyra*"; and "*Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiators*"; Tragedies in five acts.

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### THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE cotton trade at Liverpool continues exceedingly active, and all the letters received from thence describe the market as tending very strongly to a further advance in price. The stock has lately been very considerably reduced in consequence of the prevalence of easterly winds, by which no cargoes have been received for nearly three weeks, and also by the increasing demand for cotton which has been experienced in Manchester, and in consequence of the orders received for the American and general export trade.

Trade in general is, we believe, gradually improving.

As a proof of the success of railways, we see it stated that since the opening of that between Liverpool and Manchester, (little more than eight years,) five millions of passengers have passed along the line. Out of this immense number only two passengers are said to have lost their lives by accident.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 24th of November.

## ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 203 and a half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 three-fourths to five-eighths—Exchequer Bills, 66s. to 68s. prem.—India Bonds, 64s.

## FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 31 one-eighth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 five-eighths.—Spanish, Five per Cents. 17.

**MONEY MARKET REPORT.**—City, Monday Evening, Nov. 26.—The Stock Markets continue much in the same state as for the last four days. Purchases to a limited extent were again made by the commissioners this morning on behalf of the Savings Banks. Letters from New York have been received to the 20th, but they contain nothing of very great importance.

The state of the foreign market is on the whole sufficiently flat and inanimate. Some sensation has been created by the probable resistance of Belgium to the anticipated terms agreed to by the London conference for the settlement of the Belgian question; but Dutch Stock maintains its usual firmness. The Two-and-a-Half per Cents. are 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the Five per Cents. 100 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ . Peninsular Securities are almost unsaleable. Spanish Active is 167 17. Portuguese Five per Cents. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The improvement we last noticed in the Bonds of the South American Republics is maintained, but there is little business done in these or indeed any other Foreign Stock. Columbian are 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  26 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Mexican 23 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ . Brazilian, 78 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ .

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 22, TO NOV. 24, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 22.—M. Ing, Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell, licensed victualler.—P. Gresley, Golden Lane, Middlesex, licensed victualler.—J. James, Birmingham, baker.—J. Edmondson, Marsden, Lancashire, miller.—J. Cliffe, Woodbank, Cheshire, auctioneer.—T. Willis, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, victualler.

Oct. 26.—W. Scoons, Maidstone, Kent, inn-keeper.—E. Storey, Manchester, bookseller.—W. Hand, Park Lane, Endon, Staffordshire, tanner.

Oct. 26.—J. Barker, Sheffield, grocer.—D. Hurst, Dukinfield, Cheshire, beer-seller.—E. Keeler, of Canterbury, dealer in china.—J. Haworth, of Burnley, cotton spinner.

Nov. 2.—A. Brooks, City Road, coach builder.—G. M. Von Dadelszen and W. Preller, Mincing Lane, merchants.—W. Drake, Buckeridge Arms, George Street, St. Giles's, victualler.—G. F. Hodgkinson, Fenchurch Street, merchant.—G. Hall, Tideswell, Derbyshire, banker.—P. W. Smith, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Sheldon, Kettleshulme, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.—B. Breedon, Wellesbourne Mountford, Warwickshire, tailor.—T. Singleton, Kirkham, Lancashire, linen-manufacturer.

Nov. 6.—A. Robertson, Halifax, Yorkshire, linen-draper.—A. Wallis, Springfield, Essex, miller.—E. Ber, Wood Street, Cheapside, laceman.—J. Wright, Leicester, timber merchant.—J. Collins, Western Road, Brighton, butcher.—W. E. Gillespie, Chester-le-Street, Durham, common brewer.

Nov. 9.—H. H. Carter, Springfield, Essex, wine merchant.—G. Wild, Roworth, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.—B. Bunyon, Manchester.

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ter, tea-dealer.—T. Goodworth, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Gascoigne, Sheffield, Yorkshire, builder.—J. Ford, Birmingham, watchmaker.—J. Holroyd and R. S. Holroyd, Soyland, Yorkshire, cotton-spinners.—T. Jones, Gloucester, tanner.

Nov. 13.—J. Munday, Wood Street, Cheapside, importer of French flowers.—D. B. Smith, jun., Birmingham, grocer.

Nov. 16.—H. Sayers, Ardingly, Sussex, draper.—S. Bacon, Bedfont, Middlesex, victualler.—A. U. Meredith, Portsmouth, draper.—T. Wise, Wardour Street, Soho, apothecary.—S. Tunnicliff, Deptford, Kent, victualler.—D. B. Smith, jun., Birmingham, grocer.—B. Binyon, Manchester, tea dealer.—J. Parmiter, Duxford, Southampton, cattle dealer.—R. More, Norwich, linen draper.—C. Ratherham, Birmingham, timber dealer.

Nov. 21.—J. H. Gurney, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, victualler.—D. Smith, York Road, Lambeth, builder.—J. Burchett, Garratt Lane, Tooting, Surrey, physic and market gardener.—M. Robinson, Leeds, bookseller.—A. Alves, Glastonbury, Somersetshire, draper.

Nov. 24.—J. Guibert and M. Evans, St. James's Place, Clerkenwell, jewellers.—R. Webb, Tooley Street, Southwark, grocer.—C. Odlin, jun., Stamford, mercer.—S. Jacobs, Great Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, furrier.—J. Tratt, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, plumber.—J. P. Mortimore, Devonport, cabinet maker.—T. King, Southampton, bookseller.—J. Haddon, J. Clark, and J. Porter, Liverpool, merchants.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	58-53	29.92-29.79	S.E.		General overcast.
24	59-53	29.76-29.70	S.W.	,0875	Generally clear, rain fell during the morning.
25	57-42	30.00-29.92	S.W.		General overcast.
26	61-51	29.86-29.73	S.W.	,0125	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
27	59-33	29.85-29.70	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
28	53-47	29.45-29.19	S.E.	,575	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
29	51-44	29.53-29.19	S.W.	,465	Generally clear.
30	49-35	29.70-29.65	S.W.		Generally clear.
31	43-37	29.73 Stat.	N.E.	,35	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear, with rain.
Nov.					
1	51-34	29.40-29.28	S.W.	,4	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
2	46 33-5	29.28-29.23	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
3	45 31	29.42-29.18	S.	,0375	Generally cloudy, raining all the evening.
4	51-32	29.86-29.83	S.	,275	Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	49 30-5	29.33-29.06	W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	47-31-5	29.65-29.62	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
7	58-45	29.44-29.38	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
8	53-46	29.50-29.47	S.W.	,4	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
9	49-44	29.45-29.32	W. & S.W.	,3	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
10	45-34	29.58-29.56	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
11	38-28	29.66-29.62	N.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
12	45 35-5	30.19-29.96	N.		Generally clear.
13	45 28-5	30.29-30.26	N.		Generally clear.
14	46-28	30.17-30.12	N.E.	,125	Generally clear.
15	42-38-5	29.88-29.77	E.		General overcast, rain in the morning.
16	48-40	29.65-29.64	E.		Generally cloudy.
17	46-38	29.64-29.60	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
18	47-39	29.57-29.55	N.E.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
19	41-38	29.53-29.50	N.E.	,8375	Cloudy, raining generally all the day.
20	41-35	29.61-29.56	N.E.	,175	General overcast.
21	41-35	29.40-29.28	E.		General overcast.
22	46-38	29.28-29.18	N.E. & S.E.	,1	Cloudy, rain at times.

**HURRICANE.**—On the morning of the 29th ultimo, from three to four, the wind blew with the most alarming and tremendous force, uprooting many trees, and doing much damage to the roofs of houses: new and unfinished buildings were, in several instances, completely thrown down. It appears to be the general opinion that the violence of the wind, which was at its height shortly before four o'clock, is unprecedented. During the day the wind had been variable from five to nine in the evening, S.E. and S.W. Judging chiefly from the devastation, we should say that the hurricane must have been from the S.W. Nearly ,5 of an inch of rain fell between seven and ten on the evening of the 28th, with a gentle breeze from the S.E.

**NOVEMBER METEORS.**—On the evenings of the 12th and 13th, several of these phenomena were seen in several directions. On the latter evening the more remarkable were chiefly seen in the W. and N.W., and moving towards the S.; but a greater number, though of less magnitude and seldom exhibiting any train, were observed moving in directions almost diametrically opposed. During the whole of our observations on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th, two meteors of an extraordinary character were seen, one about 10h. 45m., moving from N.W. towards the S., remarkable for the extreme length of train which was left in the path of the meteor for about four seconds, extending from a point between the foot of Heron and Vega, through the upper part of the constellations of the Harp, the Fox, and Goose, and terminating just below the Dolphin, where the meteor disappeared, extending over an arc of rather more than 30 deg.; the other meteor above referred to was of a character differing from any before observed by the writer—it appeared at 11h. 10m. in a direction E.N.E. about 1 deg. above Castor, the higher star of the Twins; a brilliant blue light shot upwards, in a direction towards Capella, perhaps for about 2 degs., and its train appeared to pass in a direction opposed to this over an arc of about 4 degs.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## NEW PATENTS.

I. White, of Haddington, North Britain, Ironmonger, for certain improvements in the construction of ovens and heated air stoves. September 27th, 6 months.

J. Bourne, of the City of Dublin, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, and in the construction of boilers, furnaces, and stoves. October 8th, 6 months.

J. F. Norton, of Manchester, Merchant, for certain improvements in stoves or furnaces, and in instruments or apparatus for making the same. October 8th, 6 months.

H. Dunington, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in warp machinery and in fabrics produced by warp machinery. October 8th, 6 months.

G. Haden, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of a soap or composition applicable to the felting and other purposes employed in the manufacture of woollen cloth and other purposes for which soap is usually employed. October 8th, 6 months.

C. Sanderson, of Sheffield, Steel Manufacturer, for a certain improvement in the art or process of smelting iron ores. October, 11th, 6 months.

M. Heath, of Furnival's Inn, in the city of London, Esquire, for improvements in clarifying and filtering water, beer, wine, and other liquids. October 11th, 6 months.

J. Woolrich, of Birmingham, Professor of Chemistry, for an improved process for manufacturing carbonate of lead, commonly called white lead. October 11th, 6 months.

J. Fowler, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing or manufacturing sulphuric acid. October 16th, 6 months.

W. Brockedon, of Queen's Square, Middlesex, Esquire, for a combination of known materials, forming a substitute for corks and bungs. October 17th, 6 months.

H. Meyer, of Piccadilly, Wax Chandler and Oil Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps. October 17th, 6 months.

E. R. Handcock, of the city of Dublin, for improvements in castors for furniture and other purposes. October 17th, 6 months.

G. Harrison, of Carlton House Terrace Surveyor, for improvements for supplying air for promoting and supporting the combustion of fire in close stoves and furnaces, and for economising fuel therein. October 17th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for improvements in the construction of bridges, viaducts, piers, roofs, truss girders, and stays for architectural purposes. October 17th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for carding, drawing, roving, and spinning cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. October 22nd, 6 months.

W. Jukes, of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, for a mode of applying ventilating apparatus to stoves constructed on Dr. Arnott's principle. October 22nd, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for an improved method or methods of preparing certain substances for the preservation of wood and other materials used in the construction and fitting up of houses, ships, and other works, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes. October 22nd, 6 months.

J. Henfrey, of Weymouth Terrace, Shoreditch, Engineer and Machinist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hinges or joints, and in the machinery employed therein. October 25th, 6 months.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Contrary to the reports which have prevailed, it is now expected that Parliament will not assemble until the usual time.

A variety of documents have been received from Canada, and it is considered probable that Lord Durham will arrive in England early in the present month.

The *Liverpool* steam-ship, which sailed for New York on the 20th of October, has been obliged to return, from her having consumed so much of her fuel as to render it improbable she could, without a further supply, complete her voyage.

The following account of the circumstance has been given by a passenger :—

“ *To the Editor of the Athenaeum.* ”

“ Cork, Oct. 30, 1838.

“ Sir,—Having been a passenger on board the *Liverpool* steamer, during her late unfortunate expedition westward and back again, and knowing the interest you have manifested in the great scheme of Atlantic steam navigation, I offer no apology for communicating, immediately on my arrival here this morning, a few of the leading particulars.

“ We left port on Saturday the 20th—more than fifty passengers on board—in high spirits. The weather was then fair, but did not long continue so. The sea had run high for some days before, in consequence of long-prevailing violent west winds; it soon became a serious obstacle to our progress. Bad weather came on—rains and squalls. Still the boat went on bravely. At times the sea, which grew worse and worse, broke over her, fore and aft, sweeping all before it, and giving her not unfrequently tremendous dead digs, which, as we lay in our berths at midnight—or tried to lie—seemed absolutely to *take up* the ship and give her a shaking, as a dog does a rat. During this time it appears some damage was done. Some small leakages were sprung about the upper part of the vessel, such as might be expected in a new one under such circumstances, causing a little transient alarm, but probably without much reason. The fore cabin suffered severely: at one time the water, as I now hear, was some inches deep there. I also understand that the cargo, to the amount of one hundred and fifty tons, appears to be damaged throughout. An accident at one time happened to the machinery, which occasioned a suspension of operations for some hours. Still we pushed on, not much exhilarated by such a beginning, but yet more and more convinced of the staunch qualities of the *Liverpool* as a *sea-boat*, and moreover satisfied with the behaviour and management of the captain and all the officers on board. Thus matters stood when we were suddenly notified of the captain’s resolution to turn back—a great sensation arose of course—a council was called—every cabin and berth turned out their cadaverous-looking tenants, sea-sick, sleepy and all. It seemed that the engineer had sent in a written report of the state of the fuel, from which it appeared, on a comparison of quantities and distances, that there was not enough on board to carry us through the voyage; and that consequently we must seek absolute safety in retreat. To this nothing could be said; we acquiesced with the best grace we could. At the end of between nine hundred and one thousand miles, on the expiration of the *sixth* day, we turned round and went before the gale—the ship dashing through the surge with an eagerness which seemed to say that no time was now to be lost.

“ And now, will you ask, what was the cause of this difficulty? Want of coals, and nothing else. The ship is a fine sea-craft,—nothing can be said against her;—she is as staunch as wood and iron could make her. The commander, and all his subordinates, did their duty like old sailors;—nothing that skill or science could do was omitted. Our progress, in point of fact, was satisfactory. In the worst weather, with raging seas, the wind against us, all but a few hours, and generally amounting to little short of a gale, we yet made at the rate of more than one hundred and fifty miles a day—something like six and a half miles the hour. Even at this rate we anticipated completing the voyage at most in about twenty-one days, more probably in eighteen. But this was not to be done without coals; and the calculation seemed to be, that, having started with about five hundred and sixty-four tons, including one hundred of Williams’s resined and condensed peats, called ‘patent fuel,’ we had already consumed something like *half of our stock*; which proved that, instead of five hundred and sixty-four tons, eight hundred would be the minimum of the quantity required to carry us through. This extraordinary con-

sumption will excite surprise. The explanation of the ship's going to sea, provided as she was, with such a consuming power, will be called for. This question we have looked into as well as we could, having examined the papers and all the officers from whom information was to be had, and that information being freely given. It would appear that the ship was not sufficiently tried before starting. She went to Dublin, but that was no trial at all. More than this, it comes out that a very material alteration was made in a part of the machinery *after the Dublin trip*, and *without superadding the least pretence of an experiment thereon*, by which the consumption of coal was increased nearly seven hundred pounds the hour. Other disclosures I might add, but I have said sufficient till an answer appears to explain this. The return voyage to Cork was made in three days. The vessel showed great powers of speed as well as strength. The passengers held several meetings during this time. A committee was appointed for thorough investigation, consisting of nine members—English, Americans, and others. From this committee we had a deliberate report of facts, which you will, I presume, see in due time. It was adopted without a single dissenting voice. Summarily, it lays the blame of the failure exclusively on the negligence of the Company's agent, acquitting all other parties, including the boat itself. At the same time it strenuously enforces the position, that this disaster in reality offers not the slightest argument against Atlantic steam navigation, though it is much to be feared that discouragement will ensue to many minds in consequence of the failure. This consideration weighs heavily with the passengers, who are mostly commercial men. Of course there will be a panic in the United States, when the vessel becomes overdue there; and the suffering of the numerous relatives of those on board, for perhaps six or eight weeks, can be easily conceived. My purpose has been merely to give you a statement of the facts which have led to the failure."

This unlooked-for circumstance will of course, until it is known there, occasion considerable anxiety respecting the vessel at New York, especially among the friends of those who were known to have gone as passengers in her.

Further experiments having been made, the *Liverpool* has again sailed, the particulars of which have been given by the same gentleman, as follows:—

"Cork, Nov. 5, 1838.

"I see the papers are full of confused and contradictory accounts of the expedition of our unfortunate *Liverpool*. One London journal, received to-day, announces, formally, that she is wholly disabled, and is to be laid up. Others state that she consumed four hundred tons of coal in eight days. Again, it is hinted by other parties that the captain's mismanagement was the cause of the failure, and that he ought to have 'gone a-head.' There is also much made of certain 'tremendous hurricanes' the boat is now said to have encountered, as if she had been compelled by the elements to return. There is no truth in this.

"The statement which I sent you last week, though then drawn up necessarily in a hurry, is substantially correct. The *Liverpool* was not compelled to turn back by the weather. We met nothing which deserved to be called a hurricane, going or coming; the nearest approach to it occurred the day and night before we got into Cove, and not till forty-eight hours after we had sounded our retreat. Neither was the *Liverpool*, as a *sea-boat*, unseaworthy or insecure. As I said before, she behaved nobly. Some damage was done to her, but less than could reasonably be expected. She may not be of as a perfect a model for this Transatlantic business as she might be; no doubt she is deficient in proportionate beam for such a voyage; no doubt there are many little inconveniences in her internal construction;—but no one of us have ever dreamed that the boat turned round on account of these things; no one would hesitate, now, any more than before the late expedition, to call her a fine ship, or to hazard their lives in her across the Atlantic, *provided always she were furnished and fitted out as she should be with the means of performing the voyage*. This she was not; and this, I repeat, was the cause of her return. She consumed an extravagant quantity of coal, which was one fault; and she carried a deficient quantity, which was another: and this is the whole explanation of her failure. The details are not very important perhaps, since *nobody* here denies these general facts; but the strict truth, after all inquiries by every kind of interested party, seems to be, that there were about fifty tons more of fuel remaining, when we turned round, than the engineer supposed; that, allowing this, and starting from Liverpool with five hundred and sixty-three tons, (as advertised,) we actually consumed about three hundred and sixty tons in nine days, or just forty tons a day; and leaving on hand, when we got into port, but about two hundred tons, or little more than what it was

generally calculated we ought to have on arriving at New York. How idle is it then to talk of the captain's persisting, under these circumstances: granting we had made one thousand miles, and calling that a third of the voyage, we could not calculate on requiring less than twelve days' more fuel, or four hundred and eighty tons, whereas we had only three hundred and twenty-three.

"As to the cause of this consumption, I have but to confirm what was said before. The fault is in some of the flues or bridges,—I am not engineer enough to describe it technically; but no one denies that, *after* the little pretence of an experiment to Dublin and back, and before starting for New York, an alteration was made in some of these avenues, by the removal of bricks or otherwise, to which, at least, an additional consumption of seven hundred pounds the hour is immediately to be traced. This was unknown, it is said, to the company; perhaps even to the agent. No matter. It is not unknown now; at least it is not here denied. But here lies the fault: the ship was got off in too great a hurry. It was inevitable, in such a flurry, to be absurdly *punctual* to a day, (which is the only apology I hear of,) that some deficiencies should occur. I hope it may prove a lesson to all candidates for transatlantic navigation in future. At all events, the cause itself must not suffer on account of such a proceeding as this.

"You may feel some interest in knowing, what I hear from the best authority, that this company are having a dépôt of coals established at Fayal, for the greater security and comfort of their winter navigation. This, no doubt, may sometimes be a convenience, though not one, I hope, necessary to be relied on, as that island, I believe, is at least three hundred miles out of the regular course to the south."

"P.S. Monday afternoon.—Just as I expected. The *Liverpool* has come into Cove from an "experimental trip,"—experimental on the re-alterations made here, which, of course, should have been made and tried at Liverpool. The result is "highly satisfactory;" that is, the boat has made a hundred and eighty-five miles in twenty-four hours, with a high wind all the way, and a head-wind part of it; and this she had done with a consumption of *thirty tons and a fraction*. On the strength of this proceeding, such as it is, we shall leave port again early to-morrow. Meanwhile it is announced that nearly, if not quite, seven hundred tons of fuel will be on board, with which we have reason to be satisfied, especially as we are already a day or two on our way. Under these circumstances, and with a good boat,—being only seven inches deeper than before,—it will be strange if we cannot accomplish the voyage. We hope to be in New York in eighteen days at the farthest."

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M. De Tocqueville, who has, by his admirable work, "Democracy in America," established for himself a high reputation in both hemispheres, has just written a valuable Letter on Prison Discipline, which we have much pleasure in giving.

**"LETTER OF M. TOCQUEVILLE ON THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM; ADDRESSED TO A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL-GENERAL OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LA MANCHE."**

"Tocqueville, Aug. 1838.

"MY DEAR SANGLOIS—You ask my advice as to the questions submitted to you by the home minister. It is with great pleasure that I shall state to you the results of my experience and observations during my American journey. You will see how these results consist of a few clear and simple propositions.

"The statistical documents published by the minister of justice show that the number of relapsed criminals increases in a rapid and progressive manner. The accounts given by the tribunals prove that all great crimes are committed by men who have previously undergone condemnation.

"The actual system of our prisons is then bad. It menaces the general order as well as the security of the individual. Its modification is then necessary. This is maxim the first, and one quite beyond all contestation. Our prison administration acknowledges this, and proclaims it.

"There are few questions which have produced so much discussion these ten years past, whether in America or in Europe, as that of knowing what new mode of imprisonment ought to be substituted for the present one.

"Many new systems have been proposed, differing from each other by a multitude of shades, but all reducible to two principal plans.

"The first consists in isolating the prisoners during the night, and making them work together during the day. Where the second is adopted, each prisoner works and lives altogether by himself.

"The system of Auburn, as I call the first, absolutely forbids all nocturnal conver-

sations, all those acts of depravation which generally accompany them ; it partly hinders communication by day, but it does not prevent the prisoners from becoming acquainted with each other, and meeting on their coming out of prison. It can only be maintained by continual and minute inspection. It demands, in order to succeed, frequent and arbitrary punishments ; and it may be doubted whether the system can at all be established without the aid of summary and corporal punishments, which public opinion in France would infallibly condemn.

" The system of Philadelphia forbids nocturnal communications as completely as that of Auburn, excluding at the same time any communication by day. It prevents the prisoners not only talking, but even seeing each other. It results from this, that when a man is released, after a few years' imprisonment, all the ties which attached him to crime are broken. He has lost sight of his old companions, has made no new acquaintances, and finds himself isolated and powerless in the midst of the organised society of the honest.

" The discipline of the system of Philadelphia is simple and easy, because it uses walls and not men. An honest and intelligent prison-director suffices to introduce and maintain it in a vast edifice. The prisoner, being isolated, can offer no resistance ; he is alone against society.

" Of all systems of imprisonment that of Philadelphia most strikes the imagination of the condemned, and this is a great advantage. The necessity of making prisons fearful has been too much lost sight of in our days. There the prisoner ought not to suffer bodily ; but he must at least find himself unhappy enough, in consequence of his crimes, to deter him from again violating the laws, and to deter others from imitating him.

" Of all penitentiary systems known, that of Philadelphia, without comparison, offers most likelihood of producing reform. It prevents, absolutely, the deterioration of the moral habits of a prisoner, the very contrary being the case in our prisons, and even that of Auburn. Often it has the effect of changing habits and modifying even the ideas. It is idleness which leads people to crime. Amongst good workmen there are no robbers. The system of Philadelphia obliges to work, and obliges even the love of it. Idleness is so great a punishment in solitude, that prisoners would rather do without bread than without work. I have seen them ask, at Philadelphia, as the greatest favour, to be permitted to work ; and their greatest punishment is the being deprived of their tools. At Auburn the prisoners are beaten in order to force them to work ; at Philadelphia they had rather be beaten than remain idle. They naturally contract the habit, the taste, and the necessity of occupation, and occupation removes them from crime.

" In the system of Philadelphia the prisoner is separated with care from the vicious portion of society, and sheltered from all its corrupted emanations, in order to be exposed solely to honest influences. The Americans put a moral volume in each cell. This book is in general read and often learnt by heart by the prisoner, without his being recommended to do so. To prevent him would be, on the contrary, punishment. I have seen prisoners learn to read, in order to procure the pleasure of perusing this volume. If these same men had been in one of our prisons, they would have trodden under foot that work now so precious to them. It is the same with sensible and moral conversation, which would be turned into ridicule in the common prison rooms, but which is hearkened to as a benefit in the lonely cell. Morals and reason thus penetrate imperceptibly into the heart of each prisoner.

" Experience leads me more and more to believe that solitude alone, when it is not absolute, is capable of producing reform. I have gone through all the cells of the Philadelphia penitentiary. I have conversed successively with all the inmates, and I can affirm that I have found the minds of those men in a more satisfactory state than those of any other class of condemned I have ever met with. Their thoughts were grave and calm, their words simple and rational. Isolation had given an intensity to the sentiments which are of use in rendering man moral. I have seen few prisoners who had not tears in their eyes in speaking of their parents, of their children of the place of their birth, and the first years of their youth.

" From all this I conclude, without hesitation, that the system of Philadelphia is a great deal more easy to establish and to maintain in action, is more intimidating, reforms more, and is in general more useful to society than any other. This is quite clear to me. But as I am not pleading here, I will now pass in review the inconveniences of my favourite system.

" The system of Philadelphia costs dearer to establish than that of Auburn. Nevertheless, it is to be considered that if in the first the cells are much larger and more

expensively furnished, on the other hand there is need of neither refectories, working-rooms, hospitals, large courts, double and high exterior walls, nor of that prodigality of bolts and bars, all very dear, and which are requisite in the system of Auburn.

" It is secondly to be considered that, should the system of Philadelphia be adopted, the duration of all punishments would certainly be diminished. And lastly, it must be admitted that a bad prison system, which brings the same men back to be eternally prosecuted, and where the number of delinquents continually increases, is, everything considered, the dearest of all. Every robber levies a double fine upon society ; first, by the robbery which he commits, secondly, by the expenses which his detention and punishment occasion. A cheap prison is not cheap if it increases crime ; it is adding to the home minister's expenses what it diminishes from the budget of justice.

" It is also objected, that the Philadelphia renders it difficult to employ the prisoners in productive labour. This is true ; there are a number of professions and occupations that require the labour of many in common, and sometimes in the open air. This cannot apply to preventive imprisonment, society having no right to make a man work who is not condemned. Nor does it apply to those condemned for terms shorter than a year, it being impossible to train such to continued labour in a workhouse. They are too few, and remain too short a time. With respect to those condemned to long terms of confinement, the Philadelphia renders the profitable employment of them certainly more difficult. But this difficulty should not be exaggerated. The prisoners whom I saw at Philadelphia were occupied, and some of them most profitably occupied. There still remains the difficult question as to how far the state, in employing the condemned in its power, can enter into competition with the free and honest artisan. Such a competition, to the prejudice of the latter, would be throwing on the industrious classes the expenses of criminal justice.

" There remains the third and last objection, and by far the most serious. It is said that solitary imprisonment destroys the health of the prisoners and endangers their life. This is important, and deserves, I grant, all the attention of the legislator. I myself had conceived these fears and expressed them in America. I had indeed seen in Philadelphia men who, shut up in their cells for more than a year, (the Penitentiary itself was open only that time,) had not yet suffered. But I feared lest a longer imprisonment should end by injuring their health, and concluded that it would be wiser to await the result of a longer experience in America ; for you know that the finest theories are not worth a fact. This was in 1831, when the king's government had sent me to America with M. de Beaumont. Seven years have elapsed since that time. Tables of mortality for eight years have been drawn up ; and it appears from them that if the mortality in the prison of Philadelphia has been a little greater than in that of Auburn, it was much less than in the central prisons of France and amongst the galley slaves, and that it was always above the average mortality of the town of Philadelphia itself. In our country more die in the prisons than without. Solitary imprisonment, such as I imagine it, is not being *au secret*, since the prisoner has frequent communications with his guardians, with the chaplain, and even with those charitable people who interest themselves in his reform. He is not separated from his family, which he can see under the inspection and with the permission of the government. He is not in a dungeon, but in a healthy room, airy and warm, where he is well fed, well clothed, where he works, and where he can read and write. Solitary imprisonment in this manner makes the mind suffer, it is true, but spares the body—a double effect, which ought to be the aim of every system of imprisonment. A man thus kept in prison is sequestered only from the corrupted portion of society, and prevented from indulging in his vicious habits. An individual at large may lead a more healthy life ; but a prison is not an hospital where persons are confined for the good of their health. The end of a prison is to reform and punish.

" I will terminate by saying, that the enemies of the Pennsylvania system have never observed it in action, whilst its partisans have. I went to America opposed to this system ; I returned convinced of the necessity of its adoption, if proved that it did not cost the life of the prisoner. Mr. Crawford and M. Julius, sent by England and Prussia, brought back the same conviction ; M. Demetz the same. In America, seven years ago, all the states were about to adopt the system of Auburn ; they have changed it for that of Philadelphia. After this experience, the cellular system of seclusion by night and by day makes no question as to its being the fittest in France."—*From the Moniteur.*

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